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434 were always busy in the ricefields, but rice cannot be considered
511 an important source of cash income. The Balinese grow rice for
[243] personal consumption and for offerings, selling only what is left over from the second planting, which they regard as unfit for offerings to the gods.

Their main source of income is in the sale of cattle and pigs,
434 and of coconuts for making copra; a second source is from coffee,
443 rice, and tobacco which they sell for export to Chinese middle-
463 men. The trades and crafts are incidental sources of income and in the markets one may see people selling pottery, mats, baskets, and so forth, together with the vendors of vegetables, dried fish, spices, and flowers. Some craftsmen, such as the gold- and silver-workers, the blacksmiths, carpenters, weavers of palm, and pottery-makers, have regular incomes, but they remain independent artisans. The Balinese men work for wages only spasmodically and as an adventure. In the larger towns they engage as chauffeurs, clerks, and servants — positions which are regarded as superior. With the affluence of tourists, some now derive an income from the sale of sculptures, paintings, silverwork, weavings, and so forth.

[461]

Ruled by the principle of live and let live, landowners allow
465 others without land to share their crop in exchange for help. There are, however, organizations of labourers (*seka medjukut*) who work the earth for a communal wage. They are paid by time recorded by water-clocks (*gandji*) similar to those used in cock-
[405] fights: a half coconut-shell with a small hole in the bottom, placed in a basin of water, the time it takes to sink being the measure. The fees are arranged by the head of the group.

At the present time, however, the economic balance has, tem-
178 porarily at least, ceased to exist. With taxes and imported com-
511 modities on the increase, and the price of Balinese products for export at rock-bottom levels, the whole population has come to find itself in need of cash, not in *kepengs* (Chinese cash valued at a fraction of a cent with which they buy the daily necessities), but in Dutch guilders worth from five hundred to

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264 of banana leaf over them. When finished, the leaf dishes were
512 simply thrown to the pigs; no dishes were left to wash. A *kendih* of water was passed around after the meal, each drinking in turn and at a distance from it, letting a continuous jet of water fall into the open mouth, the lips never touching the spout. (When we tried to drink like the Balinese we succeeded only in choking or drenching ourselves.) The mouth and fingers were rinsed, and after emitting a loud belch of satisfaction the men took a nap or went to the *balé bandjar* to chat before resuming work.
[462] Generally the women ate after the men were finished, then fed
[515] the pigs, and spent the rest of the afternoon weaving, threshing rice, or simply delousing each other, a great social pastime.

For a while it seemed as if the art of hand weaving would be
286 wrecked by the ever increasing importation of foreign cloth.
177 Chinese silk thread was hard to obtain, aniline dyes gave brighter
439 hues and were infinitely easier to handle than the old vegetable
386 dyes, and Japanese rayon for a few cents a yard looked almost like real silk. In later years, however, the affluence of tourists has increased the market for Balinese handicrafts and many women derive an income from selling garish brocades. On our second visit the women of our household took to weaving and every afternoon the characteristic rhythmic sounds of many looms came from all directions.

286 On the Balinese loom (*prabot tennun*) the warp is stretched between a heavy wooden structure (*tjetjaga* and *pendalan*) and a sort of yoke (*épor*) shaped like a Cupid's bow held by the woman's back. After the bamboo spindle (*tunda*) has gone through the warp, the weave is tightened with a long ruler (*belida*) of polished hard wood that slides over a bamboo drum (*pengrorogan*), while the threads are separated with a bamboo tube (*bungbunggan*) provided with little bells that jingle at
[461] every move. Thus the work is made easier by the rhythmical
[534] sequence of three sounds: the tinkling of the bells, the sound of the hollow bamboo as it is struck by the ruler, and the energetic double knock to tighten the weave. Weaving is the main

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dead and not yet cremated, who exist therefore in a sort of limbo between earth and heaven, a share of the viands is set aside that they may not return to molest their living relatives.

At intervals of 210 days every individual, every household, every temple site, celebrates an "anniversary." The year has actually twice this length, or 420 days, but because events are reckoned not by date, but by a conjunction of a position in a five-day week and a seven-day week, together with a specific month, in Bali birthdays and other anniversaries happily come around twice a year. From year to year the seasons do not correspond to any given month, but this is of no importance. People's ages are not reckoned. The parents of a three year old child cannot tell you within a year or two how old it is. But everyone knows on what day of the calendar his birthday falls, and on what day the anniversary of his household temple, and of every temple of the village to which he belongs.

All of these are occasions for a festival. In the cycle of six months of 35 days (which must pass to bring around again the calendrical conjunction) a household may celebrate half a dozen birthdays, a festival in the house-temple, and three, four, or five large temple feasts in which their fellow members of the village participate. Weddings, tooth-filings, and cremations are extra occasions for festivities. And once in 210 days the whole population joins in the holiday season called "*galoengan*," when for ten days the gods are invited to come down to earth, the villages are decorated, plays, processions, and musical entertainments are given in their honor, the whole island dresses up and goes visiting, and nobody does any more "*work*" than is strictly necessary. I italicize *work* here, to carry the meaning of work for a livelihood, for all the activities connected with temple ritual are also called "work," *karja*, in the high language.

The temples of Bali are holy sites on which stand the houses of the gods. But these houses are uninhabited the greater part of the time. The Balinese believe that the abode of the gods is upon the mountain, and that only at special times and by special invitation will they come down to stay for a few days in these, their earthly residences. It is customary for the gods of each temple to come down for their visit on each of the bi-yearly anniversaries, but as a rule a more elaborate feast is given for them on one of these bi-yearly occasions than on the other. The bigger feast is called *odalan*, the smaller *sepian*, or *sepèn*; and in some areas both are called *odalan*, the larger distinguished by the term *odalan pëloedoesan*. Once a year comes the island-wide observance of the Day of Silence, *njepi*,[2] when the villagers stay in their houses, the fires are put

[2] See Mead's description of *njepi* in Bateson and Mead, 1942, pp. 1—3. Note also that where the word *sepian* or *sepèn* occurs for the smaller festival, these terms also indicate a silence and an emptiness, from the root *sepi-*, which becomes *njepi* for the active form.

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or six already carry a coconut-shell full of water on their heads. Little girls of five Gradually the weight of water is increased, until, on reaching maturity, the slender girl can manage as heavy a load as her mother and aunts. Neither do the aged women shirk the task. Kintil, whom I judged to be no less than sixty, and who lacked only a few months of being a great-grandmother, made the daily descent of more than two hundred feet along an almost vertical trail, and, in wet weather or dry, never failed to carry up her jar of water. She would, I believe, hate to give up carrying water, for that would constitute an admission of her failing strength.

There is an undercurrent of superstition in the Balinese mind that to "give up" will *cause* weakness, and increased vulnerability to the dangers of illness. For illness is conceived as imposed from the outside by malevolent forces, which lurk everywhere, ready to rush into the body of anyone whose strength and purity (both physical and spiritual) are for the time below the normal, outbalanced by the share of weakness and impurity which form a part of every human being. That is why people who have undergone a trying ordeal are not spared and pampered, but urged to get up and go on as if nothing had happened to them. Women who have just given birth to a child go down to the river for their bath as soon as the three days of sequestration within the house are passed; and this sequestration (during the period of "uncleanness" following the birth) is as much to protect the village from contamination by the mother and child as to protect the latter from the attacks of evil spirits, to which they are especially vulnerable at this time. Rantoen went down to her bath as soon as she could walk following an exhausting bout of fever, and she attempted to carry up her jar of water, although the household was well supplied. Probably this unnecessary exertion brought on the relapse—she fell down on the trail, then clambered up with her empty jar and went to bed for several more days. But the desire for the daily bath is so strong in the Balinese who dwell in the hot regions that they will take any risks rather than forego it. The bath at the end of a long day in the heat is considered essential to the feeling of well-being within the body. "If I have my bath, I shall feel well," argues the Balinese, even in illness. And Rantoen undoubtedly believed she would regain her strength more quickly if she carried up the jar of water.

The same refusal to admit weakness and to spare the sick person was shown in two cases which I witnessed. A boy fainted, and

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way of life, their social and religious concepts, which hold them to a rigid pattern of what is fitting. In the use of language, as in other matters, definite and complex rules must be followed. The Balinese language, rich in terms with minutely differentiated meanings, is also stratified into words of all levels, which may be roughly subdivided into High and Low Balinese. Low Balinese is the familiar and current language, used between members of a family and to all friends and intimates, except when there is a disparity of caste between the speakers. A man of low caste must address his social superior in High Balinese, and he will be answered in Low. The matter is further complicated when a man of intermediate caste is being discussed, for the commoner must choose a word in referring to him neither so low as to be insulting to the ears of the noble he is addressing, nor so high as to be discourteous, for the very highest words should be reserved for reference to the noble himself.[6] Special words are to be used only in reference to animals, and to apply one of these lowest words to a man constitutes an unforgiveable insult. Strangers who meet address each other in High Balinese, asking "Whence do you come? Where are you going?," and follow this immediately with a leading question designed to discover the rank of the interlocutor, so that the language appropriate to him may be at once adopted. There is no "farewell" in the language. Visitors must ask their host's permission to depart, and the answer to this request may be either the common "yes," a dismissal, or a choice of a polite word for "go," carrying a courteous inflection because of the relative highness of the word used.

Less complex, but equally rigid, rules prescribe the actual way of sitting. Both men and women habitually squat on their heels, and this is the position most readily assumed when anyone stops for a moment what he is doing, either for conversation or for a short rest from hard labor (and it may be noted in passing that the Balinese seem to take, automatically, a rest of five or ten minutes out of every hour of hard work; look at any ten men at work in the sun, and two will be sitting under a tree; half an hour later, two others will be resting). The squatting position may also be held over long periods, in the fulfillment of any task conveniently done on or near the ground, such as the playing of certain musical instruments, or the chopping and hashing of foodstuffs on a wooden block, in prepara-

[6] It is as if we were to choose between the expressions "he has eaten," "he has dined," and "he has partaken of his repast."

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He will drive tirelessly for several hundred miles, and cheerfully apply himself to any necessary repairs in a breakdown. But if after a short journey he is asked to lift out a parcel from the car, he calls another to do it for him—a very unusual thing in Balinese who are not of high caste, as they are universally reluctant to ask their equals to serve them. Another unusual quality is his lack of the sense of relaxation common to most Balinese. Generally they will sit for hours without impatience, waiting for something to happen, and they seem to find pleasant the state of doing nothing. Often they drop off to sleep. But Madé could not be left alone for ten minutes in a car; he would be off on some errand of his own, to bargain for coconuts or to flirt with some pretty girl at a market stall. He took rebukes from his masters with ill grace, flaring up in insolence, or sulking and glowering to himself. To cover up his impetuosity and his shirking of explicit orders, he developed habits of dishonesty. All these things caused him to make an unsatisfactory chauffeur, and he repeatedly lost his position, whether he worked for Europeans, or for Chinese or Arab car owners. He is an impulsive spender, vain about his costume and the prestige afforded him by his possessions. The money that he earns is soon gone, and he will probably never save enough, as many of the young men do, to buy a secondhand car of his own. This is the case of an unusually ill-adapted Balinese. It is curious to note that such a type cannot adjust itself to the new order any more than to the old. He makes many friends and many enemies among the Balinese. Men and women respond to his spontaneous charm, his vivacity and gayety as a companion. But in his friendly relations he is always getting into trouble, for he will not stick to the rules of the game.

The Force of Tradition

It is in contemplating the character of such a man that one realizes, in contrast, how closely the majority of the Balinese do conform to the scheme laid down by tradition, and how well-mannered, balanced, and relaxed they appear. The babies do not cry, the small boys do not fight, the young girls bear themselves with decorum, the old men dictate with dignity. Every one carries out his appointed task, with respect for his equals and superiors, and gentleness and consideration for his dependents. The people adhere, apparently with ease, to the laws governing the actions, big and small, of their lives. Since the material conditions of their existence have remained for

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him to the cremation place, they shout, they leap, they lift their arms in threatening gestures, they whirl around and around in a mass of vigorously stamping, kicking, and entangled limbs, falling down, trampling upon their fellows, hurling themselves into a pool of mud and besplattering each other with howls of glee. Again, a group of villagers wishing to divine the will of the gods goes into trance—tears stream down the face of a young girl, a woman sobs hysterically, an old man trembles as in an ague, a youth with rolling eyes and thrashing limbs tries to force burning coals into his mouth. Or in a ceremony for the propitiation of the King of Demons, in the form of a grotesque figure of a lion, a group of men and boys clusters about, shouting, prancing, pressing with all the strength of both arms the point of a kris into their own naked chests. One holds the handle of the weapon on the ground, with the point upward, and hurls his body upon it, throwing both feet in the air so that he will strike with all his weight. The term *riboet*, a Malay word meaning "storm," is applied to a group in such an excited state. Acting under the powerful stimulus of mass-emotion, each man forgets to be cautious, to be dignified, to be afraid. The minor fears of pain and bodily disturbance are for the time forgotten. When the frenzy is carried to the pitch of trance, the Balinese is to a great extent in a state of anaesthesia, able to dance upon hot coals or to wound himself with a dagger (although they themselves say that if the trance is sufficiently deep the flesh will resist the dagger and no wound will be sustained). But even without trance, every individual who participates in the excitement is free to break the rules without experiencing fear or shame for his unusual behavior. He is secure in the consciousness that he is one of many, that the crowd moves as he does.

It has seemed necessary to mention, however briefly, these forms of activity which are in sharp contrast to the slow deliberate tempo, the quiet dignity and balanced equilibrium of the habitual movements. For the Balinese at their daily tasks lead a life of reserved, steady—almost plodding—application to hard labor, made easier by the absolute lack of tension or of any pressure from the sense of time, and by the rhythmic flow of their motions interspersed with suitable periods of rest. But this existence, they say, is dull and lonely without festivals and celebrations. Luckily their religion provides many occasions for celebration, and at these times the people burst forth in a riot of true *fun*, when all together they adorn them-

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selves, they take part with enthusiasm in the elaborate preparation of offerings and the decoration of the temples, they enjoy to the utmost presentations of dancing, music, and drama, which the religion prescribes. It is significant that the audience for these presentations takes as much delight in them as the performers. Their own arts are to them completely satisfying, a fulfillment in the life of the people for whom they have been evolved. At such festivals one is impressed by the joyousness, the gayety with which the Balinese seem carried away. And just as these joyous occasions punctuate the dreary round of everyday life, so do the occasions of wild frenzy break into it, affording the individual a necessary release. If it were not for these organized departures from the habitual tempo, it would not be possible for the individual to conform, at all other times, to the rigid order of behavior which is exacted from him. And therefore we must recognize the two aspects, the quiet, relaxed, and peaceful tenor of the private life, and the intense and spontaneous exaltation of group activity, both of which are essential to the Balinese temper.

Interpretation

In conclusion, perhaps it will be well to stress once more the ease and relaxation in the ordinary behavior of the Balinese, so that an impression will not be left that any strain is caused by need to maintain a balanced equilibrium and a perfect orientation in social and geographical respects. On the contrary, the rules by which they abide seem to supply a simplication of behavior. For the Balinese life is divided into two phases quite opposed to those of the modern city dweller in our world; the Balinese works in relaxation, and in his pleasure finds intense stimulation, whereas our city dweller works under a strain of intense stimulation, and for his pleasure seeks relaxation. If there should be any doubt of the difference in tension between the two psychological types, let us imagine how the city dweller would react to certain conditions in Balinese life, as, for instance, living in a courtyard shared by ten or fifteen members of his immediate family, divided only by pavilions without walls; or sleeping in such close proximity as has been described, with a number of others; or enjoying a dramatic performance lasting for eight or nine hours, crouched in a press of bodies comparable only to one of our subway jams. These things do not offend nor put any strain upon the Balinese, because of the relaxation of his mood. Likewise

[100 cont.]

793 at the same time is charged with offering the sacrifices in the temple. The klian, too, is a kind of spiritual leader; he is in charge of the care of the temple and is the leader in religious ceremonies.

624 Scattered villages are divided into bandjar, or parishes; in each there is a special local functionary, the klian bandjar or klian tinggi.

For administration and financial management there is a penjarikan-dèsa, the secretary-treasurer of the village; sometimes the klian has this office, but sometimes it is delegated to someone else, or, in the chief villages, to the pambekel gedé.

In most of these villages there is also a klian tempèk or klian troena, who calls upon the troena, or young members, to carry out the tasks they have to do.

Finally, in nearly every large dèsa there is also a sedahan temboekoe, "water bailiff," who is in charge of the principal aqueducts and who collects the taxes.

623 In some villages of this type there is a kind of village council composed of prominent soedra who act as counsellors and arbitrators to the klian and the penjarikan.

621 [101] Duties of the Inhabitants. With some exceptions, all adult, male inhabitants are obliged to carry out certain duties in the service of the village, such as keeping the roads in order, manning the watch posts, and taking part in offering sacrifices in the temple. Each in turn acts as messenger for the klian.

883 The youths (troena), in addition, are obliged to do special services, such as playing the gamelang in the temple [illus-
533 tration appears here], performing dances, etc. The young girls,
535 too, have similar duties, such as performing round dances. Later on they become members of the temple choir, accompanied by the gamelang.

461 Those exempt from dèsa service are, among others, the
564 members of the highest caste, some also of the second and third caste, and the perbali (a class between the third caste and the soedra in rank, the propertied middle class) and young married people during the first year of marriage.